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A BATTLE THAT ALL MUST FIGHT.

There is one passage in Hugh Miller's Autobiography, "My Schools and my School-masters," where, with all his manliness, he gives way to a little pity for himself. His school-boy days had been days of some work, but much play—stirring, roving days, full of fun and frolic, and interspersed with grand expeditions, and hair-breadth escapes by sea and land, with like-minded comrades. But the comrades dispersed, the school-boy era came to an end, and a very different era—the era of hard work for a bare livelihood—hove in sight; and the poor boy was sorry for himself. "I found myself standing face to face with a life of labor and restraint. The prospect appeared dreary in the extreme. The necessity of ever toiling from morning till night, and from one week's end to another, and all for a little coarse food and homely raiment, seemed to be a dire one, and fain would I have avoided it. But there was no escape, and so I determined on being a mason."

And yet Miller could afterwards look back on this dire necessity as a great boon, and give his benediction to honest, homely labor, with her horny hands and hard conditions, for in her school he had learned some of the most useful lessons of life.

It was the same with David Livingstone. The woods of Blantyre were charming scenes for a young explorer, and every plant and every animal, great and small, had an interest for a born scientist. The pools of Clyde had their living treasures, which it was fine sport to throw out with the rod on the grass—all the more if the catch of trout should be varied by an occasional salmon. But there came a Monday morning (and he was but a child of ten) when he must turn out at six o'clock to the spinning mill, and toil there till eight at night, amid deafening noise and monotonous sights, with but short intervals for breakfast and dinner. But, however hard it was felt at the time, this necessity was welcomed and blessed by Livingstone, too, in future life. Speaking to the people of Blantyre, after he had become famous, he told them that if he had the choice of a way of beginning life, he would choose the same hard lot through which he had actually passed. It had furnished a most valuable training, both for mind and body, and had prepared him for his work in Africa; for he would not have shown the same power of enduring hardship, the same patience and perseverance in conquering the irksome, if he had not gone through that long, hard apprenticeship in the mill at Blantyre.

These are not solitary cases; but they are valuable as showing how nobly the battle with what is irksome may be fought in youth, and what precious fruits come of the victory. Unfortunately, instances of the contrary are but too common. Of all the causes that give rise to useless trifling, and even pernicious lives, the most common is *impatience of irksome* labor in youthful days. No greater curse can well fall on a young person than the disposition to turn up his nose at all regular protracted labor, as if the only good thing in life were self-indulgence. What a fatal defect in many a young person's education lies here!—*Prof. Blaikie.*

CLARICE.

EASTER.

BY MARGARET SIDNEY.

Clarice with the tender eyes,
Fair, and sweet, and full of hopes
As birds of summer-tide;
Clarice filling daily needs
With little petty, toilsome tasks
Around the fireside.

Sweet and pure the maiden's heart,
Like to river clear and free
Ran life's melody
Through the household as she sang;
Merry trill now high and clear,
Then so tenderly.

Unto all things true she was;
Each new day, with gay content,
Like the flowers she grew;
And earth smiled thro' summer sun,
And rains fell, and winter snows,
And Clarice bloomed anew.

But one day her heart awoke,
Tender heart so strong and true,
And Clarice looked within.
"Ah, dear Christ," she murmured low,
"Little am I, faint and weak,
Very full of sin.

"Make me, doing service grand,
To fulfil thy work somewhere."
So did Clarice pray.

And the earth smiled on, and sun,
Sky and bird and tree rejoiced;
And 'twas Easter Day.

Low an undertone of peace
Fell upon the young girl's soul
In a rhythm divine:
"In no grand work breathing fame
Do I call that you should prove
You are child of mine.

"Nay; but if each day you show
In the home I gave to you
Love's sweet servitude
I will give you pledge divine
Of your royal heritance."
Ceased the interlude.

Clarice fell upon her knee,
Bowed her soft hair like a veil;
Glad she was to pray.
"Loving Thee, I yield my will;
Other offering have I none
On this Easter Day."

And the earth smiled on,
Waking to the tender touch
Of new-blooming spring.
But the fairest flower of all
Was our Clarice, interweaving
Love in everything.

—*Wide Awake.*

I WILL WAIT HERE.

In early life I was trained to be temperate, chaste, and honest, to pray, to read the word of God, and to keep the Sabbath. I determined to engage in some mercantile business, for which purpose I visited the city of Baltimore. I had not an acquaintance on my arrival there, and but a few dollars to pay my expenses. On going to my room alone, my thoughts were: "I am in a strange city, far from home, without a friend, surrounded by dangers of every kind. I have my character and reputation as a professing Christian to maintain against fearful odds. What shall I do? I will do this. I here promise never to drink a drop of spirituous liquor as a beverage, or to be found in any place where I should be ashamed for my father and mother to see me; and I will look to the Lord in every trial to make a way for my escape." Then, kneeling down, I asked the Lord to help me keep my promise. I did not then know how soon the trial was to come. The next evening I was invited by two of my new acquaintances to take a walk to see the city, and, being unacquainted with the city, was glad to accept. After passing several squares we came in front of what was called the "Green House," into which it was proposed we should go. I inquired, "What kind of a place is this?"

"The Green House," they said; "only an oyster saloon."

"You may go in, and I will wait here for you," I replied.

"Come in, come in," they exclaimed; "we will not stay two minutes."

"No," I replied; "you go, if you wish, and I will wait here five minutes for you (looking at my watch); but, if you are not out by that time, you will not find me here." I waited that space of time, and then returned to my hotel. That night one of those young men was brought in from the gutter, into which he had fallen intoxicated. I watched his downward course for several years, until I learned that a wave dashed him from the deck of a ship, and he perished. The last that I heard from his comrade was that he, too, was fast sinking into a drunkard's grave. In Baltimore I soon obtained a situation, and at once gave it my undivided attention, and have now pursued the same business more than thirty years. To the present time the promise I made is still unbroken; and largely to it, through the help of the Lord, I owe my success and escape from the snares into which I have seen so many fall.—*H. C. L., in Christian Advocate.*

AUBERT GALLION QUE
W. M. Foster 15 Feb 86

FRIENDS IN DISGUISE.

Mr. S—— turned over uneasily in his bed, then ran his fingers through his hair, and that awoke his wife.

"What is the matter, my dear?" said she.

"They have come," said he, "so get up and let us get out of the house as quickly as possible." As he said this Mr. S—— picked an army ant out of his hair.

Mr. and Mrs. S—— were missionaries. They lived on the high table-lands of Africa, several hundred miles from the coast, and while you, dear reader, were either sound asleep or engaged in some pleasant pastime, they were retreating in the dead hour of the night from what they considered an enemy. It was their first experience of that kind. You ought to have heard Mrs. S—— tell the story of that night.

The army ant is a strange creature. Thousands upon thousands of them form in close column. They have their officers and their privates. The officers are large, stately-looking fellows. When once started upon their line of march the army ants cannot be stopped or turned aside. They come into your house by day or by night, and when they come in you must go out.

So this good missionary and his wife were driven out of doors in the night, and took refuge in a neighbor's house.

These busy little soldiers, however, did not stay long. They held no dress parade, they beat no drums, and they waved no banners, but they worked. Before sundown of the next day their work was done and well done. "Forward march!" had been spoken by their officers, and they had marched on to some other place.

There were millions of them in the missionaries' house that night; but in less than twenty-four hours not an ant was to be seen. Wonderful soldiers! Were these little creatures really the enemies of the missionaries? No, they were their good friends. They helped the missionary's wife do up her house-cleaning. When they marched away there was not a mouse left on the premises, there was not a rat left; all the fleas and cockroaches had disappeared. You could not find a dead fly anywhere, neither could you see a spider's web in any corner. In fact these army ants were simply a vast horde of housecleaners. They worked for nothing and boarded themselves. When they left they took away nothing that did not belong to them.

The missionaries went back into a clean house, and when the army ants visit them again they will be welcomed as old friends. To be sure, they will have the house all to themselves, but they will not stay long.

Boys might learn a lesson from these little soldiers. They never say, "I can't." When they receive orders they never say, "I won't." They go into dirty places and leave them clean. But best of all, when their work is done they march on about their own business.—*Child's Paper.*

INDIA'S CALL.

India's father had been the pastor of a prominent church in one of our large cities; but his health was not firm, and after a long struggle as to duty he was constrained to resign his beloved charge and accept another whose demands were not so great.

The new charge was a village church. To the pastor's family the change was very great. India, a bright girl of fourteen, was at first delighted with the novelty; but as this wore away she began to wonder how she could adapt herself to the new life. She missed her old school companions through the week, and even on the Sabbath all was so different. There was a good Sunday-school, as far as numbers were concerned, but a lack of training was sadly evident. The young girl had come to a point in life when she felt out of her element. But she did not waste much time in brooding, but sought her mother's counsel.

After a long talk Mrs. McKenzie said, "My daughter, you are unhappy here. That must not be. Let me propose a remedy."

"What is it, mamma?"

"You know there is no mission society here for the children. Suppose you start one."

"I, mamma! You do not mean that."

"Yes, you are old enough, with a little help."

"I never thought of that. You will organize for us, mamma, will you not?"

"Most assuredly I will."

On the following Sabbath it was announced that Mrs. McKenzie would meet the children in the Lecture-room on Thursday afternoon, the object being duly explained.

The day came and brought to the meeting four children besides the pastor's three. To her daughter's exclamations of disappointment Mrs. McKenzie replied that it was the first time, and more would soon come. So another meeting was announced, and six came; this when there was a Sunday-school of nearly two hundred.

This time Mrs. McKenzie said, "We must not give up, but it seems clear to me that there is a special work for you to do, India. There is some reason why the children do not come. You must go out and gather them in."

"How shall I begin, mamma?" asked India brightly.

"Go from house to house and invite them specially, explaining to their mothers our object and the simplicity of our meetings. Think of it, and tell me in a day or two if you are willing to undertake this."

In the course of the week India had made up her mind and was anxious to test the new plan. On Saturday morning, bright and early, she started out, making a number of calls before dinner, and when the day was over she had half canvassed the town.

Her experience in these calls was varied. A few were indifferent, but most were interested and promised to send their children. What struck India most was the general lack of information and the wonder that the children of the church were doing so much. Two or three families only took any missionary papers.

Fifty-seven boys and girls came to the next meeting and went home delighted.

Writing to a young friend in the city a few days afterwards, India said, "You know I have often told you I would like some day to be a missionary, ever since mamma told me that she named me in memory of her beloved sister, who died years ago in far-off India. You called me romantic, but indeed I have found some real mission work at home which I love. Don't laugh when I tell you I begin to feel I have had a call here almost as much as papa."

Two years have passed away. India's band has doubled in numbers, is constantly increasing its contributions, and works intelligently for the spread of the gospel in distant lands.—*Children's Paper.*

THE VEIL.

The terrible increase in this country of nearsightedness and other eye difficulties has led to a pretty thorough canvassing of the cause of the trouble. Among these causes stands prominently the veil—not only the long mourning veil—whose draggling weight upon the head is enough to condemn it, even when it is not worn over the eyes—but the bewitching short "nose veil," which is supposed to throw such archness into the feminine countenance. It is true that, when the eyes are weak, a veil serves an important purpose in shielding them from the blinding sunlight, but this purpose is much better served by colored glasses, the color to be prescribed by a physician.

It is very comfortable on a cold day, when walking or riding, to muffle one's face in a veil. Such a course sometimes prevents colds and chills, and the harm done to the eyes, if any, is amply atoned for by the protection rendered. In short, veils are useful and, to a degree, necessary articles. Ladies with a fine complexion could hardly do without them, but the fact remains that, for most of us, it is a very unwise thing to wear them. All veils are more or less injurious to the eyes. The oculists say that dotted veils alone bring them in thousands of dollars a year. Beauty is dearly bought at the expense of one's eyesight, and when, as is often the case, the coloring matter used in the veil is actually poisonous, thus tainting the air we breathe, the harm done is incalculable.

The putting of veils upon infants and young children is not essential nearly so often as is generally thought. There are very few days during the winter when a child's face, if the rest of the head is well covered, may not be exposed to the outdoor air. After an illness, or on a biting winter day, when one shudders to think of exposing the tender face of a baby to the wind, a veil may, perhaps, be prudently used, but on general principles, the advice of the best physicians is that a veil should be used as little as possible, either for adults or children.—*Philadelphia Press.*

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From International Question Book.)

LESSON V.—MAY 2.

JESUS AT THE WELL.—John 4: 5-26.
COMMIT VERSES 23-26.

GOLDEN TEXT.

God is a Spirit: and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth.—John 4: 24.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Jesus satisfies every thirst of the soul.

DAILY READINGS.

M. John 3: 10-36.
T. John 4: 1-26.
W. John 7: 37-39.
Th. Isa. 55: 1-13.
F. Isa. 41: 17. Jer. 2: 13.
Sa. Ex. 20: 3-11.
Su. Ps. 42: 1. Rev. 22: 1, 2.

TIME.—December, A.D. 27. About 8 months after the last lesson.

PLACE.—Jacob's well at Sychar, a part of the ancient Shechem, at the foot of Mount Gerizim. The well was one-half a mile from Sychar, and *two miles from Shechem, between Mounts Ebal* and Gerizim in Samaria.

INTERVENING HISTORY.—Soon after the interview with Nicodemus in our last lesson, Jesus left the city of Jerusalem and spent several months in Judea teaching and baptizing through his disciples. The crowds left John and came to Jesus, which gave occasion for a further testimony of the Baptist to Jesus. In December Jesus left Judea to go to Galilee, and in passing through Samaria on his way came to Jacob's well, the scene of to-day's lesson.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

5. JACOB GAVE: Gen. 48: 22. 6. JACOB'S WELL: 9 feet in diameter, 105 feet deep, formerly; now, 75 feet; dug in solid rock. SIXTH HOUR: probably 6 o'clock in the evening, Roman reckoning; by Jewish reckoning it would be 12 o'clock, sixth hour from sunrise. But John was writing in Ephesus among Romans. 8. MEAT: food. 9. JEWS HAVE NO DEALINGS WITH SAMARITANS: no free social intercourse, but would buy and sell. They had rival forms of religion, rival temples. The Samaritans accepted only the five books of Moses as their Bible, and were partly descended from heathen ancestors (2 Kings 17: 6, 23, 24). 10. LIVING WATER: flowing as from a fountain. The Holy Spirit, bestowing spiritual life (John 7: 37). 13, 14. THIRST, NEVER THIRST: every person is full of desires, bodily, mental, spiritual. The world cannot satisfy the soul. Jesus Christ sanctifies the natural desires, and satisfies the spiritual, the longing for happiness, for worthy life, for friendship, for forgiveness, for eternal life, for God. 16. GO CALL: said in order to convince her of sin, that she might seek the living water. 20. OUR FATHERS, ETC.: a question of great interest to her. The Samaritan temple was on Gerizim close by. 22. YE WORSHIP, ETC.: that which ye know not. They accepted only a part of the Bible, and therefore their knowledge of God was imperfect. SALVATION OF THE JEWS: promised in their Bible,—and the Messiah was to be descended from them and born among them.

LEARN BY HEART vs. 10, 13, 14, 23, 24.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—Where was Jesus in our last lesson? With whom did he have a long conversation? Where did he go after that? (3: 22.) How long did he remain there? Doing what? Why did he leave? (1: 1-3.) For what place? At what season of the year?

SUBJECT: THE WATERS OF ETERNAL LIFE.

I. THE THIRSTY ONE (vs. 5-9).—To what place did Jesus come on his way to Galilee? What can you tell about Jacob's well? Why did Jesus stop there? What can you learn about Jesus' human nature from his becoming weary? What time of the day was it? Who met him there? What do you know of her character? What favor did Jesus ask of her? Why? What did she reply? Who were the Samaritans? Why did they have no dealings with the Jews?

II. THE WATER OF LIFE (vs. 10-15).—What was Jesus' reply to the woman? Did she understand him? (vs. 11, 12.) How did Jesus further describe the living water? Why is it called living water? What did he mean by this living water? (John 7: 37-39.) What will it do for us? In what respects is the Gospel like water (as free, abundant, cleansing, etc.)?

What are some of the human thirsts and longings? Can you measure the value of our being by these? Can this world satisfy them? (Jer. 2: 13.) How does Jesus satisfy them? Does he destroy the thirsts, or only satisfy them? How does the Gospel bless even our natural desires? (1 Cor. 10: 31.) Reconcile v. 14 with Matt. 5: 6.

III. PREPARING THE THIRSTY TO RECEIVE IT (vs. 16-18).—What did Jesus say to her then? How would this convict her of sin and need? Why must we feel our needs before we will seek the living water? (Rev. 3: 17.) Have you sought this living water?

IV. TRUE WORSHIP (vs. 19-26). What question did the woman now ask Jesus? Why was it important to her? What was the difference between the Samaritans and the Jews? Whom did Jesus say we must worship? In what place? In what way? What is worship? What is it to worship in spirit and in truth? What reason is given? (v. 24.)

How does God's name "Father" help us to true worship? Are forms of worship wrong? What can we do to increase the spirit of worship? How is salvation of the Jews?

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

I. We may be weary in Christian work, but not of it.

II. Christian service may refresh our weary bodies.

III. We should take every opportunity of doing good.

IV. Sect, race, social position, rivalries, should never keep us from kindly service or religious help.

V. Man is full of thirsts for earthly good, happiness, forgiveness, larger life, friendship, eternal life, God.

VI. This world cannot satisfy these thirsts. (See Solomon's experience in Ecclesiastes.)

VII. Jesus Christ satisfies every thirst.

VIII. The Gospel is like living waters,—refreshing, abundant, free, cleansing.

IX. True worship is sincere, spiritual, of the true God, loving, obedient.

LESSON VI.—MAY 9.

SOWING AND REAPING.—John 4: 27-42.
COMMIT VERSES 35-36.

GOLDEN TEXT.

One soweth, and another reapeth.—John 4: 37.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

They that sow in tears shall reap in joy.

DAILY READINGS.

M. John 4: 27-42.
T. Ps. 126: 1-6.
W. Mark 4: 1-20.
Th. Luke 10: 1-11.
F. 1 Cor. 3: 5-15.
Sa. 2 Cor. 9: 1-6. Gal. 6: 7-10.
Su. James 5: 14-20.

TIME.—December, A.D. 27. The same day with the last lesson.

PLACE.—Jacob's well, half a mile from Sychar in Samaria.

CIRCUMSTANCES.—To-day's lesson follows close upon our last. On his way to Galilee Jesus passed through Samaria, and resting at Jacob's well while his disciples went on to Sychar to buy some food, he had a conversation *on the living water with a Samaritan woman*, who had come to the well for water. Just as he had announced himself as the Messiah his disciples returned with the food from the city, and our lesson for to-day begins.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

27. MARVELLED: because Rabbis were not accustomed to give their learning in public to women, because she was a Samaritan, and because of the evident interest the Lord took in her welfare. 28. WATERPOT: the same word as is used for the waterpots at the marriage in Cana (2: 7). 32. MEAT THAT YE KNOW NOT OF: the spiritual life God gave him in his work, and the refreshment that came from helping the needy and serving God. 35. SAY YE NOT, FOUR MONTHS, etc.: four months from that time. The harvest was in April. This time was therefore December; the sowing was a month or two earlier. LIFT UP YOUR EYES: doubtless pointing to the Samaritans who were approaching from Sychar to learn from him. 36. FRUIT UNTO LIFE ETERNAL: the result was the eternal salvation of others, and nobler and better life for themselves. This was their wages. 38. I SENT YOU, etc.: Jesus had sown in their absence; now they were to reap. So it would be all through their lives. Prophets of old, John the Baptist, and Jesus himself, sowed the seed that grew into the church of God.

LEARN BY HEART the memory verses 35, 36; Ps. 126: 5, 6; Gal. 6: 7, 8.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—Where was Jesus going in our last lesson? At what season of the year? Where did he rest? With whom did he have a long conversation? On what subject?

SUBJECT: SOWING AND REAPING.

I. FIRST SOWING.—PERSONAL INVITATIONS TO CHRIST (vs. 27-30).—Where were Jesus' disciples during his conversation? At what did they marvel on their return? Why? What did the Samaritan woman now do? What did she tell her fellow-townsmen? Why these rather than strangers? What can you do in inviting men to Jesus?

FIRST REAPING.—What was the effect of her invitation? Were they wise in going to Jesus to learn more? What does Paul say about sowing and reaping? (Gal. 6: 7, 8; 2 Cor. 9: 6.) What is said in the Psalms? (Ps. 126: 5, 6.)

Is some good effect sure to follow from inviting others to Christ? Can we have the harvest unless we do the sowing?

II. SECOND SOWING.—WORKING FOR CHRIST (vs. 31-34).—What did Jesus reply when asked to eat the food brought by his disciples? What was the food "that they knew not"? Can we have that food? Does working for Christ refresh our bodies?

SECOND REAPING (vs. 35-38.)—How long was it before the harvest? How near was the spiritual harvest? What were the "fields white to the harvest"? What are the "wages" of those that reap? What is "the fruit unto eternal life"? Who had sown the harvest the disciples were to reap?

What is life eternal? Was this harvest eternal life in themselves or in others? Do the unknown sowers of good seed have as much to do with the harvest as the reapers? What comfort for many in this? Why is the harvest a time of rejoicing.

III. THIRD SOWING.—FAITH (vs. 39, 40).—Why did the Samaritans believe on Jesus? Was this a good foundation for faith? What two things did it lead them to do? (vs. 39, 40.)

THIRD REAPING (vs. 41, 42).—How long did Jesus remain at Sychar? What was he probably doing during this time? What two results of their faith do we see? (vs. 40, 41.) Why did they believe now? What did they believe?

Was this a better foundation than the other? Is there anything so helpful to faith as personal acquaintance with Jesus and experience of his salvation? Is Jesus a better Saviour to us because he is the Saviour of the world?

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

I. Those that sow shall reap what they sow.

II. Only by sowing good seed can there be a harvest of good.

III. Invite all you can, especially those nearest you, to come to Christ.

IV. God feeds our spirits through work for him and our fellow-men.

V. The harvest of souls is always ready to be gathered.

VI. A little faith well used leads to greater faith and brings us into communion with Jesus.

VII. Let us place our faith more and more on the foundation of personal acquaintance with Jesus and his Gospel.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

READING FOR MOTHERS.

BY NAIRJEAN AUDENRIED.

So many mothers complain that they can't find time for reading. Now, so far as my observation goes, it confirms me in the belief that, as a general thing, a woman will find time to do whatever she considers a necessity to be done. The mother of seventeen children would hardly feel that lack of time was a sufficient excuse for appearing at the breakfast table with unwashed face and dishevelled locks, even though a thousand things might seem to demand immediate attention.

Few women are so situated that they could not, if they would, find time to read at least a little every day. The difficulty in most cases is not so much lack of time, as lack of proper arrangement of time; the want of definite plan and of persistent effort to secure a desired result is the cause that most frequently prevents regular habits of reading. I have in my mind's eye the mother of a large family, who acquired nearly all her education after her marriage, and by the habit of daily reading became not only remarkable for her intelligence and culture in the circle in which she moved, but was able to be the intellectual companion of her children, who had the advantages of schools and colleges, which were denied her. Some mothers so sacrifice themselves to the mere physical well-being of their children when they are young, that by the time they are grown, there is very little mental sympathy between them, especially if the children have high educational advantages, and keep up with the intellectual progress of the age. I know one mother who felt the necessity of reading the newspapers herself, that she might keep her son, growing into manhood, from objectionable places of evening resort, where he could hear politics and affairs of his country discussed. When he came to his meals, instead of fretting him with reproaches for his absence from the family circle, she talked to him concerning things of current interest in the country and the world, and whatever she thought was most likely to enlist his sympathy and stimulate his highest aspirations. This mother had delicate health and many family cares, but she felt that the time she took for reading was time well spent if it enabled her to be a wise counsellor and helper to her son.

There is nothing so conducive to a regular habit of reading as that of having some well-selected reading matter close at hand. A low, open book-case within arm's reach of the place you are accustomed to sit, in nursery, sitting-room or library will be a very great help in forming habits of daily reading, and besides, it enables one to utilize the fragments of time that would else be wasted or spent in worry or idle chatter. It is a good plan to have a work-basket with pockets or compartments where newspapers, scraps or other clippings can be deposited till you see if they are worthy of a more permanent place, either in your scrapbook or the storehouse of your memory. These little winged messengers that one can take in at a glance, at frequent intervals, help wonderfully to make knowledge accurate and permanent. When the bit of poetry or prose, anecdote or incident is fully mastered, and not merely a feeble, transient impression, cast it into the fire if it is not desired for the scrap-book. There are housekeepers who, when they "tidy up" a room, put all newspapers and periodicals on high shelves, or in wall pockets as far out of sight and reach as possible. It is better to keep them within sociable distance, on table or stand, easy of access, so they may lure you to frequent genial fellowship, or may attract and interest a lounger or a caller.

Don't confine your reading to items of merely local interest, but seek to know what the world in general is thinking and talking about. Keep constantly on hand, besides periodicals and the more transient literature, at least one work of some standard author, and get thoroughly acquainted with it, so that you will know the writer as a friend and companion. Do not leave your reading till late in the evening when the brain may be too weary to grasp a thought intelligently. Take a half-hour's reading in the morning; it will furnish mental food for the day, and be a good antidote for its vexatious cares. But some busy burdened mother exclaims, "A half-hour in the morning for reading! Impossible!" Yes, take your reading rather than your mending in the morning, while you have mental vigor, are less liable to interruptions, and maybe the children are in school, and the baby taking its morning nap. In the evening you can talk with your children or others over your work-basket, and perhaps interest them in something you have read in the morning, thus stimulating mental activity in yourself and others, and at the same time broadening the range of conversational topics.—*Christian at Work.*

GOODNESS "WEARS WELL."

Five or six young ladies, near relatives, began their matrimonial life about the same time. Happening to meet, one day, after having been married about ten years, they compared notes, and talked about their husbands.

A lawyer's wife spoke with pride of the brilliant success her husband had won at the bar. Another lady professed herself satisfied with the luxurious home which her husband, a large manufacturer, had provided for his family. A third, whose husband stood well on 'change and in society, said she wouldn't exchange places with any of them. She had everything she asked for and the "best people visited her."

The conversation flowed on in this strain until one of the party exclaimed,—

"Why, Molly, you haven't said one word about your husband! Do tell us something. We all know you were not very much in love with him when you married him."

"But I am now," answered promptly the lady, who had listened in silence. "You all know that William is neither brilliant nor rich, but I know that he is good; and the longer I live, the more I value simple goodness, especially in the man you live with.

"We are not even well-to-do, William has not added a penny to his fortune; but though we have had a hard struggle, we have enough, and our home is the sunniest in the county. During our whole married life, my husband has not spoken one harsh word to me, nor has he caused me a moment's anxiety, and he has been as good as he can be all the time."

Her hearers lapsed into silence, and kept their eyes on their fancy work. The husbands of several of them were not amiable, nor were their habits such as their wives cared to speak about, even to a confidential friend.

"Molly has capped us all!" exclaimed one at last, throwing down her work. "Take it day in and day out, goodness is better than smartness to live with. We'd all of us rather wear a real diamond, even if it is a little off color, than a paste one, no matter how brilliant. William may be a little opaque, but he is good and wears well."—*Youth's Companion.*

HIGH-FLYING AT FASHION.

Lately I heard two young mothers talking together in a well-known dry-goods store. They had been attracted by a little maid, of perhaps five years of age, who stood by her mamma at a neighboring counter. The little one was exquisitely dressed in an outer garment of white plush, from beneath which were to be seen glimpses of dainty lace ruffles. She wore a hat of white felt faced with black velvet, its broad brim caught back from the flower-like face of the child by heavy white ostrich feathers. She might have stepped from a portrait by Vandyke, with her golden hair cut straight across her brow, her shimmering coat with its deep collar of costly lace, and the nodding plumes over all. She was the child of a millionnaire, and the richness of her costume was made appropriate—if ever such elaborate costumes are appropriate for childhood—by the well-known wealth and position of her parents. Of this child and of her toilet the two young mothers were speaking.

"Isn't she sweet?" said No. 1, turning, the better to view the little girl.

"Lovely!" assented No. 2.

"Look at that coat, Lou?" continued No. 1. "White plush! Isn't it beautiful?"

"Yes. And I guess it cost a beautiful price, too," said No. 2.

"Oh, yes. But I was thinking I believe I could get up one for Maggie like it, only of some other material; or perhaps I might find a remnant of plush and line it with something cheap, you know. The effect would be the same. I see how it's made, and when I go home I mean to cut a pattern and try what I can do. Wouldn't Maggie look 'cute in one?"

"'Cute enough, Kate. But a white coat like that would be absurd for Maggie."

"I don't see why," persisted No 1. "I can get up one for her to look the same, and not cost anything like what that did. And I know I could trim a hat like that."

"I dare say you could," said her friend; "but I think it would be absurd, all the same. That child's father is probably very rich, and her mother is evidently very 'swell.' See, there they go, and of course they have a carriage. Maggie's coat would be black in no time at all."

"I don't believe it would," said Mrs. Kate doggedly.

"Well, but anyway, Kate, such clothes would be absurd for Maggie, because you can't live up to them. I don't think it's appropriate to dress as though her father were a rich man, and you lived in style corresponding to her clothes."

"I don't agree with you," said No. 1. "If I can dress her in style without spending any more money than if I dressed her plainly, I don't see the harm."

"Well, have it your own way. But I shall have a dark plaid for Nelly's coat."

"And she'll look 'poor but respectable,'" quoth Mrs. Kate.

"She'll look like the child of a young man on a small salary, which is just what she is. I believe in the fitness of things."

Then they passed on, and I fell to thinking. I could probably sympathize with the desire of Mrs. Kate, who probably had a "knack" and could compass brilliant results with but small outlay, and loved to see her darling daintily and richly clad. Yet was not the other right, after all? Is there not a fitness in things, even in dress? And is it not wiser and better to dress our little ones in keeping with what we know to be our real circumstances than to aim at a style only consistent with wealth? Simplicity does not imply ugliness, but the aim of many women appears to be that of Mrs. Boffin when she set up the drawing-room furniture on the flowery carpet in the kitchen of the Bower.

"Mrs. Boffin," her husband explained, "is a high-flyer at fashion."—*M. B. F. in Babyhood.*

CALLERS AND CALLING.

I suppose there is no better way of keeping up social sympathies among women, than to give and receive calls. This is all right and proper, but it doesn't entitle Mrs. Bangs, who has abundant morning leisure, to intrude upon my early hours, that are only too few for necessary work.

I am profoundly sorry for Mrs. Plodder. Her life is hard and comfortless, but it quite takes off the edge of my charity to be kept standing a full half-hour while she rehearses her last "poor spell," with the punctiliousness of a medical treatise. And yet, after all, she is far preferable to the caller who ignores your pre-occupied air, the demands of pressing housework, and with maddening persistency sits on, meanwhile, in every lull in her unshared conversation, assuring you that she "must go home, and not be hindering you."

Then there is the wandering caller, who if she does not find you at the outset, stalks calmly over the house, peers into every room, and perhaps at last pounces noisily upon you, while you are trying to soothe a nervous baby to sleep. You have no possible redress for such an abuse, save the inner consciousness that it was done through an ignorance as astonishing as it was annoying.

Then there is the perfect housekeeper who calls. Her reputation sometimes gives her such added dignity that she is a terror to the average household. She isn't always an adept at conversation, and while you take the laboring oar, you think with quaking of her dainty cellar where spiders are unknown, of her immaculate back stairs, and when one of your intrepid flies flits about her head, you remember with a gush of anguish that it is she who wages deadly war against them. But there is one thing I have noticed about a perfect housekeeper, indeed, it may almost be put down as a scientific fact—she does not make long calls. All unawares, but surely she points the moral, that you should esteem your time and interests as precious as she holds her own.

All are familiar with the newsy caller. The one who is surprised you haven't heard this, and astonished you haven't heard that. Who manages to be the first to serve the enlivening bowl of scandal to a score of families. The one who lets out a secret on shares, and who through all, believes, in doing so, she is conferring a lasting public benefit.—*The Household.*

TRAIN THE GIRLS.

That a girl, not absolutely driven to it by poverty, should plan and prepare for any life work outside the home was thought not long ago, to be supremely absurd. This feeling is by no means done away with yet. It has power enough to hamper, more or less, every girl who undertakes to lead an independent, self-supporting, self-respecting life, in any work to which her individual talent and inclination lead her, more or less, according to her strength of mind and body, and independence of spirit.

Educate the girls; cultivate their tastes; direct their talents; develop their powers, naturally and harmoniously through body, mind and spirit. Train them to a congenial and noble life work, remembering that this work, whatever it may be, is noble, if nobly, faithfully, honorably performed.

Most thoughtful parents and teachers watch closely to see what may be the vocation—the call—of the boys in their charge, and try after some fashion to help them forward in it. Find the girl's vocation also, and train her in it. Give her a worthy work to do, a worthy life to live. Then when marriage comes, as very likely it may, it will not come as a "chance," a makeshift, an escape from an uncertain future, which it renders still more uncertain; but that, thoughtfully considered and honorably undertaken, it may come as a blessing, a crown to all that is best and worthiest in the life that was good and worthy without it.

Emerson says:—"The condition which high friendship requires is the ability to do without it." This may be said quite as truly and justly of marriage. The purest, truest and happiest marriage will come from the union of those whose lives without it would still be true and pure and happy.—*Helen Herbert.*

PUZZLES.

CHARADE.

My whole, the poet of flood and fell,
Of valley and breezy hill,
Has passed from the scenes he loved so well,
And none his place may fill.
In his first, with their simple and childlike grace,
Of his second an index all may trace.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

BEHEADINGS.

1. Behead a State, read backward what remains,
And find a poet with rare wit and brains.
2. A Sultan, that once made a famous rout,
Behead, and find a boy that is not out.

ENIGMA.

I am composed of 17 letters, and am a proverb which you ought never to forget.

My 1, 6, 16, 7, falls in a certain part of the 11, 15, 16, 9.

My 6, 11, 10, you use when you study your 5, 3, 2, 4.

My 13, 17, is a preposition, and so is my 8, 7.

My 14, 12, is an interjection.

TWO WORDS WITHIN A WORD.

1. In —— —— of soldiers like that, there should be more than one ——.
2. One can easily persuade —— —— follow the ——.
3. She put a large —— —— the basket, with her cake, before ——.
4. It was —— —— to hear so much complaint from his ——.
5. When asked, "What are you —— ——?" I replied, "I can readily say —— I am come."
6. —— —— slight satisfaction arguing with such ——.
7. He had a cane, —— —— odd-looking bundle in his ——.

DEFINITIONS.

A prophet of old,
A leaf in the fall,
To cover with wax;
Now tell me all.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

CHARADE.—Rampart.

PATCHWORK SQUARE WORD.—

1.	2.
DOVE	BASS
OPAL	ARIL
VAIL	3. SILO
ELLALPSLOE	
LOOT	
4 POPE 5.	
TARSTEMAIN	
ALOE	ACRE
ROSE	IRIS
SEED	NEST

PROGRESSIVE ENIGMA.—Pa—pat—pate—paten—at—ate—tent.—PATENT.

CROSS WORD ENIGMA.—Lily of the Valley.

The Family Circle.

THE FIRST TANGLE.

Once in an Eastern palace wide
A little girl sat weaving:
So patiently her task she plied
The men and women at her side
Flocked round her almost grieving.

"How is it, little one," they said,
"You always work so cheerily?
You never seem to break your thread,
Or snarl or tangle it, instead
Of working smooth and clearly.

"Our weaving gets so worn and soiled,
Our silk so frayed and broken.
For all we've fretted, wept and toiled,
We know the lovely pattern's spoiled
Before the King has spoken."

The little child looked in their eyes,
So full of care and trouble:
And pity chased the sweet surprise
That filled her own, as sometimes flies
The rainbow in a bubble.

"I only go and tell the King"
She said, abashed and meekly,
"You know he said in everything—"
"Why, so do we!" they cried, "we bring
Him all our troubles weekly?"

She turned her little head aside;
A moment let them wrangle;
"Ah, but," she softly then replied,
"I go and get the knot untied
At the first little tangle!"

O little children—weavers all!
Our broidery we spangle
With many a tear that need not fall,
If on our King we would but call
At the first little tangle.

HOW WE SETTLED IT.

BY CAROLINE S. MORGAN.

"May I have a finger in your pie, my dear young ladies," queried Miss Mortimer, stepping quietly into the society room where we, fourteen girls, were in hot discussion over our graduating dresses, and where the relative merits of Swiss or tarletan, silk or cashmere, the rival beauties of Spanish lace and French embroidery, were being eloquently set forth by the devoted adherents of one or the other. We were on our feet in a minute, and "Of course you may," chorused a score of voices, for Miss Mortimer was our great favorite, and what she would have to say upon the all-absorbing subject would have special weight, for she was a rich man's daughter, whose every want was supplied, and who always dressed with exquisite taste. Withal, too, there was a bit of a mystery about her which lent an added charm in our eyes. Why did she teach? Why was she always so sad? Of course there was some love affair or other about it, and among ourselves we wove many a little romance centring about her lovely face and elegant figure and dress. Then, too, there was a fascination about her very name,—Genevieve Mortimer. Who ever heard of a school teacher with such a name as that? Why it was redolent of perfumes, flowers, luxury, and had nothing akin to blackboards, staring walls, and rough floors. So when she appeared we were all attention, and, drawing her into our midst, seating her in our one easy chair and settling ourselves upon the floor about her, waited impatiently for what she had to say to us.

"I know it's about our dresses," whispered Ella Treat.

"So it is, Miss Ella, for I was in the next room; and as you all seemed to disagree with the poet about that 'excellent thing in woman,' I could hardly help hearing what you said, and"——

"I expect we just shouted," interrupted Sophie Day.

"And I wanted to say that I did hope you would make yourselves an exception to former graduating classes, and establish a much needed precedent for those to come."

"How?" "Why?" "What do you mean?" exclaimed one and another.

"Cannot you guess?"

"Do you mean that you don't want us to wear lace and silk?" faltered Maud Monroe.

"Do you mean that you think simple muslin would be more appropriate?" asked Ella Raymond. "I do hope so," and her anxious face brightened.

"May I tell you a little story," answered Miss Mortimer, "and leave you to draw your own inferences and answer your own questions?"

A murmur of applause gave glad permission, and our absorbed attention would have flattered a Wendell Phillips.

"In the school which I attended for several years most of the girls had rich fathers, and I am sorry to say that I think we paid quite as much attention to our dress as to our scholarship. As a class,—there were seventeen of us,—we certainly were not over-burdened with either beauty or brains, though Ellen Fletcher was a brilliant scholar, and Mary Martin strikingly handsome. The former was our valedictorian; the latter, in addition to her essay, was to sing and play at commencement, and both girls felt that, at that time if never before or afterward, they must be as well dressed as the rest of us.

"But how were they to bring it about? For Ellen Fletcher, though a high-born girl, was at that time an orphan, dependent upon a parsimonious, crotchety old aunt, who, though rolling in money, begrudged expenses even necessary for herself, and Mary Martin was the oldest of a family of fatherless children whose incessant wants the family income hardly sufficed to meet. For three other members of our class expensive dress seemed almost equally out of the question, and though as light-hearted school-girls many of us knew little of the limitations of a slender purse, we certainly were astonished when we saw that Ellen's white silk and cluny lace, rivalled in costly elegance Marion Cuyler's whose father was a millionnaire, and that Mary Martin's elaborately embroidered crape must have cost a small fortune. School-girls have quite an idea of the 'fitness of things,' and it seemed a little incongruous. Still it was none of our affair; they had a right to dress as they chose, and besides, class-pride required that all should look well. So we gave ourselves no further concern about it, and when the great day was over, were quite ready to believe our indulgent friends, who assured us that no class ever looked so beautiful or performed such wonders.

"It was not until long afterward that I learned how dearly Ellen and Mary, at least, had paid for the short-lived satisfaction of that occasion. Ellen, it seems, had engaged to teach, and ever confident and courageous, thought it would be an easy matter to save from her earnings the needed amount. So she borrowed it,—her only resort,—from a cousin whom she detested. But her small salary did not prove the golden mine she expected; saving to pay an old debt was a good deal easier theoretically than practically, and in spite of all she could do it was four years before the last cent was paid. To make it worse, her much disliked cousin was forever intimating that there was a certain easy way,—the saying of a single word,—to cancel her indebtedness. The useless dress,—a lifeless elephant on her hands,—was forever reminding her of her folly, and she was at times so burdened with care and anxiety over the matter as to be almost unfitted for her work. She said she sang "Glory Hallelujah" with a will, and fairly began to enjoy life when she joyously filed away the precious receipt which set her free from her hated thraldom.

"Mary Martin's experience was equally unhappy. Her mother failed to receive expected remittances; unexpected debts of her father's had to be met; one after another the younger children were alarmingly ill; the storekeeper was more persistently clamorous for the payment of the bill for the crape dress, and for nearly two years poor Mary suffered tortures of mortification,—not the least of which was, that after trying in vain for any other way of escape, she felt obliged to tell Mr. Mason, before they were married, who, in his kindness, insisted on paying it for her.

"I do not know what penalty the other girls may have suffered, except that soon after commencement Clara Norris's family moved away, and years afterward it was said that the bill had never been settled.

"You will say that these girls were 'foolish.' So they were. But would not judicious school regulations upon the subject, thoughtfulness upon the part of some of the influential girls of the class, or indeed a true sense in one and all, of what was really becoming and appropriate for school girls, have entirely prevented such foolishness? But I must away, and leave you to settle the question for yourselves. *Auf wiedersehen*" and the bright presence vanished.

None of our class ever bore a burden of care and anxiety because of her graduating dress. Snowy lawn and delicate ribbons were voted a great success, and Miss Mortimer was declared a public benefactor. For a few days before Commencement she seemed wonderfully bright; a month later our graduating dresses figured for the second time, at her wedding, and the mystery was explained. The young English artist, to whom she had for years been faithful, had become famous, had succeeded to a distant title and great estates, and returning, at once easily won the consent, so long withheld, of the aristocratic Mr. Mortimer.

We rejoiced over our dear teacher's happiness, and told Sir Richard Merton that we owed him a debt of gratitude that he had not come for her any sooner. At the thought of the long years of waiting, a shadow of pain flitted over his face, but the sunshine of the glad reality quickly dispelled it. We were delighted with him, doubly so when he invited us all to Merton Hall, an invitation which I, for one, am bound to accept some of these days.—*Journal of Education.*

A VOICE IN THE AIR.

A TRUE INCIDENT.

By Mrs. Annie A. Preston.

"There is one thing about it," said George Logan as he went out into the world to earn his own living, "I am not going to church or to Sunday-school wherever I may be."

The lad's home had for years been in a large city, where he had lived with an uncle, his parents being dead, and this relative evidently felt that in keeping the boy in the Sunday-school his whole duty to him was being fulfilled.

George had spent his early childhood in the country, and during the long years spent in a crowded quarter of the city his heart had constantly gone back with a great longing to the green fields and rippling brooks of the dear old farm.

Now, through the kindness of the milkman, who came every morning to their door he had a place on a great dairy farm where his waking hours were busily occupied in doing chores and working in the garden; but on Sunday he could roam at will.

His employer's wife had reasoned with him at first, but finding him stubborn, had wisely decided to let the matter rest for the time, when the lad had said, on his own accord:

"I will ask no one to go with me, Mrs. Manners. I promise that; so you see, I shall harm no one."

"No one but yourself just now, I admit," said the good woman, "you cannot tell what harm may work out of your disregard of sacred time in the future. I hold that no one can break one of the ten commandments with impunity."

George laughed, stuffed his lunch of doughnuts and cheese into his pocket, and walked away.

Sunday after Sunday he did the same thing, seeming to find delight in the wideness of the fields and forests and in his own perfect freedom. At last, one sweet June Sunday morning, as he was climbing a steep hill from the summit of which a fine view was obtained, he seemed to hear a voice speaking to him. It came upon him suddenly and said:

"You had better be in church!"

The boy looked around; he was entirely alone on the great pasture side. He used to say afterwards that it was like a voice in the air speaking aloud to him. He was startled at first, and then said aloud:

"My time is my own, I suppose. I may do with it as I please."

"Sunday is God's time," said the voice. "He reserved it to himself from the beginning. You had better be in church."

The lad was frightened now, and turning, he ran down the hill and into the shade of a thick wood. He crowded under the great dark hemlocks to a thicket from which the light of day was almost shut out. Here it seemed as if all the religious teaching of his boyhood rushed in upon him with bewildering force. Half forgotten chapters of committed Scripture lessons, the words of precious hymns, and at last a prayer that his mother used to repeat over him when he was almost a baby. It was packed away in his brain. Other matters had kept it hidden. He never had recalled it before; he had no idea it was there. He remembered that his mother used to kneel with him; now he heard the prayer as if anew, "Oh Lord, let my little boy grow up to love Thee, to love Thy house, and Thy way and Thy work, and thus to make an earnest Christian man."

"Yes, that was the prayer," he said aloud, "and she prayed so long, and so earnestly, and so faithfully her prayers must be answered. O Father in heaven, who heard my mother's prayers help me now as I pray for myself," and there in the deep lonely wood he prayed until the assurance came that his sins were forgiven.

He then went back to the farmhouse, and making himself ready, went to the church, arriving in time for Sunday-school, and astonished Mrs. Manners by taking his place decorously with her class of boys.

He related his experience in the prayer-meeting that evening, and when some one arose to explain away the marvel of "a voice in the air" the pastor interposed.

"It was the way the tender Shepherd took to call back his own," he said. "The mother's prayer had to be answered. God has passed his word. We each have a different experience. The more spiritual-minded we become the less ready we are to explain the non-explainable." George Logan united with the church; he grew to love the Lord and His house, His way and His day, and His work, and now, as a faithful, earnest Christian man, if he has any special department of work it is in setting forth to all classes the beauty and sublimity of our obligation as children of the Heavenly King to obey his beneficent decree: "Thou shalt remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy."—*Standard.*

ANTI-SLANG LEAGUES.

"One cent, Rob." "Yes, you must pay," "We heard you say it," were the half serious, half jesting words that greeted my ears as I neared a group of young people, at the close of one of our informal meetings. My countenance betokened curiosity, and one of the girls volunteered the explanation; "Miss Pell, Mamie has a slang box, and we are to pay a penny for every word we should not say."

Naturally, since then I have watched and listened; and not so frequently do I hear "one cent," as the eager lips are rehearsing some incident of momentary interest and the enthusiastic speech makes them forgetful. The little check, the constant reminder, is working well, and the results have reached beyond just the circle of girls themselves. On the evening of their Sunday-school entertainment, their teacher was relating the day's experience, and made use of a word that seemed to Mamie, (the holder of the box,) questionable. The merry eyes sought those of her teacher, as she said somewhat shyly and yet triumphantly, too, "Oh, Miss Norris, one cent for that." I was glad to know the teacher paid the fine without any argument, albeit the word could scarcely be defined as a tabooed one.

Let us all help—mothers, fathers, older sisters, teachers, friends, all—to correct this habit so easily formed, but so difficult to break. It was good news last Sunday morning, as we stood talking before the session, to hear one of the mothers say to her seventeen-year-old daughter, who had just used a forbidden word, and while acknowledging it, added, "Can't pay, haven't a cent." "My dear, remember you will have to put it in the box at home, then." Turning to us, the lady continued, "I find the box a good means of restraint with my six children."

Oh, for more boxes, or any laudable means, whereby we may reform our evil speaking. In the great weighing, that will come, the accounting of "every idle word," we shall certainly be found wanting.—*Christian Intelligencer*

DON'T FLATTER yourselves that friendship authorizes you to say disagreeable things to your intimates. On the contrary, the nearer you come into relation with a person, the more necessary do tact and courtesy become.—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

THE KING and Queen of Sweden, it is reported, have signed the pledge; not that their majesties have hitherto shown inclinations to inebriety, but as an encouragement to the temperance cause.—*N. Y. Independent.*

BISHOP WILLIAM TAYLOR.

Said John Wesley: "I look upon all the world as my parish;" and so, evidently, does William Taylor. On the eve of one of his departures from London to Australia, a gentleman said to him: "Mr. Taylor, what is your address now?" "I am sojourning on the globe at present, but don't know how soon I shall be leaving," was the reply. And such words were not unseemly in the mouth of a man through whose living voice the word of salvation has come to many hundreds of souls in Europe, Asia, Africa, America, and Australasia. "His distinct and plain Gospel utterances, logically addressed to the common sense and consciences of his hearers, have been heard and heeded in nearly every important town and village of all the British colonies in the world."

Bishop Taylor's ancestors on both sides were early settlers in the American colonies. He was born in May, 1821, and is now, therefore, in his 65th year. In 1842 he entered the ministry of the American Methodist Episcopal Church. Believing that the best way to reach the masses was to go to them, he at once commenced his street-preaching in several American cities, and gave convincing proof of special adaptation and gift for that department of Christian effort. The success of his work at home pointed him out as a suitable man for preaching the Gospel to the thousands who were at that time crowding to the shores of the Pacific in search for gold. In 1849 he was sent as a missionary to California, where he labored for seven years. His well-known book, "Seven Years' Street Preaching in San Francisco," furnishes a graphic account of his labors in "the land of gold and crime," labors in which the Lord was with his servant and gave him good success.

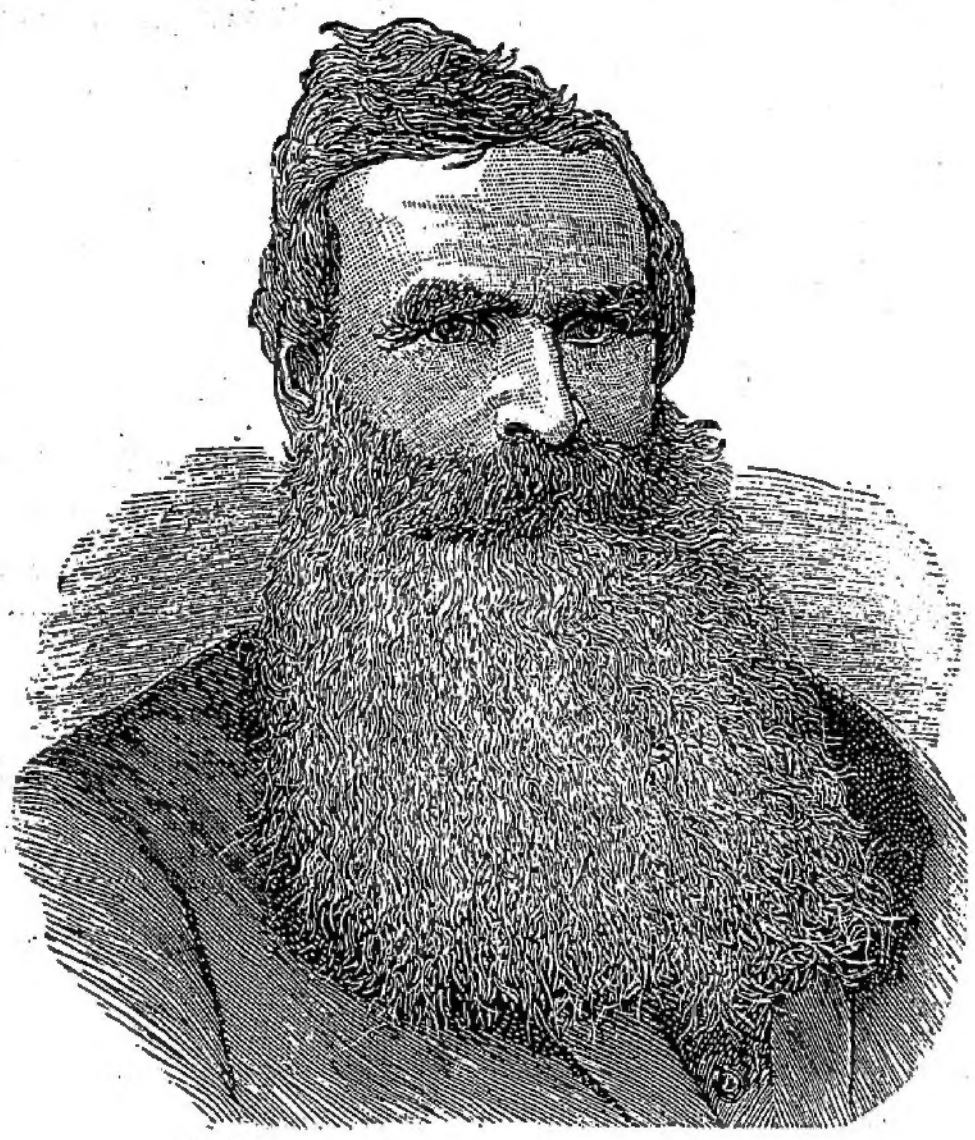
We have just referred to the fact that Bishop Taylor is an author: and thereby hangs a tale, which will be best told in his own words:—

"The panic and utter depreciation of values in 1855, that swamped California and shook all the commercial nations of the earth, together with a fire that burnt out my church property, left me under an intolerable burden of debt, for which, on behalf of the Church, in my sincere but unwise generosity, I had become personally responsible. Knowing the difficulty of collecting funds for a burnt-up undertaking, I determined not to ask or receive donations, but to make the money and settle with all concerned by writing and selling books. I meantime entered into a distinct agreement with God to go on fulfilling the Gospel ministry He had entrusted to me the same as before, without the slightest compromise with the book business. Through all the intervening years, I have stuck conscientiously to the principle of refusing offered gifts of money for my personal benefit or that of my family, with the qualified exceptions which I will name." [We have not space, nor is it necessary, to give particulars of these.] "My preaching, dispensed day and night, six days per week, was without money or price; and out of the profits of my books I paid my own travelling expenses and supported my family."

These books have had an aggregate circulation of more than two hundred thousand copies, and have been used in the conversion of many souls. Chief amongst them are the following: "California Life Illustrated," "The Model Preacher," "Reconciliation; or How to be Saved," "Infancy and Manhood of Christian Life," "The Election of Grace," "Four Years' Campaign in India," "Ten Years of Self-supporting Missions in India," and "Pauline Methods of Missionary Work."

After an evangelistic tour in Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa, Mr. Taylor, in 1870, by special request of the American missionaries, visited India. As the result of his preaching in Bombay and other places, a large number of English-speaking persons were converted, and these he was led to organize into "Fellowship Bands." The bands increasing, he decided to establish a branch of the American Methodist Episcopal Church, in direct relationship with the home organization, "without the intermediate sponsorship of a missionary society." This was largely made possible by the fact that, from the first, he purposed that the work in India should be self-supporting, friends at home being merely asked to supply passage-money to convey the workers to their field of labor. The ulterior aim was to make the English-speaking congregation of Europeans and Eurasians, supporting their own pastor, a means of acting directly and indirectly, upon the surrounding mass of heathenism. The work spread to Southern India, and a South India Conference was the outcome. In all, more than fifty pastors have been sent out, all of whom, with their families, are supported by the people to whom they minister.

Some years later, in 1877, William Taylor felt himself called to establish similar self-supporting missions in South America. A very interesting record of his pioneer experiences in this work is to be found in his book, "Our South American Cousins." Discouraged by the authorities, and obliged to travel steerage through want of funds, he took passage to Callao, the principal port of Peru, and from thence proceeded to visit all the more important places on the west coast of South America. He sometimes lived on seventeen cents a-day, and by his unselfish devotion won the confidence and sympathy of even men of the world. He returned home with pledges that enabled him to send out at once a number of ministers and teachers to commence work in important centres. At present there are in connection with his self-supporting missions in Central and South America forty-five workers, who preach, labor in Sunday-schools, and teach over 800 young people in day-schools. In the capital of Chili, there is a male and female college attended by 240 students.



BISHOP TAYLOR.

It was while assisting with his own hands in the erection of a church and schoolhouse at Coquimbo, Chili, that William Taylor, entirely without his knowledge, was elected to represent the South India Conference at the General Conference of the American Episcopal Church, held at Philadelphia, in May, 1884. At that Conference a colored man, the delegate from Liberia, pleaded for the appointment of a bishop for Africa. His forefathers were compelled as slaves to come from Africa to America, and he would get even with them by compelling at least one white man to live in Africa. The request was granted, and a number of persons were put in nomination. The prospect of a life of homeless toil in the wilds of Africa, with untold hardships and privations, was too uninviting to awaken much competition. One after another the nominees withdrew their names, and William Taylor alone was left. Amid great excitement this noble man was elected to the uncoveted bishopric by a two-thirds vote of the whole Conference. To present him for ordination he chose the Eurasian representative from India, one of his own converts, and the colored delegate from Africa, whose pleading had been so happily successful. It is not hard to believe that the scene was most impressive. "Such a trinity of persons, of three different races, and from three different continents, presented a picture of moral grandeur that has never been surpassed in the history of the Church, and it drew tears from many eyes."

The new Bishop at once faced his work with all the ardor and enthusiasm of a young man. "I would rather go to Africa among the heathen," said he, "than to heaven to live with the angels. They can get along without me. The Lord was forty years drilling Moses to lead a host out of Africa, and He has been drilling me for forty years to lead a host into Africa." Within eight months of his appointment, he planned the African Mission, and received, fitted out, and sent on their way, with provisions and stores for one year at least, the largest number of missionaries ever known to leave any Christian country at one time; and all this without an appeal being made to any church or individual for funds.

The missionary party, consisting of forty-three men, women, and children—one of the original forty-four had been left at Mayumba, some hundreds of miles further up the coast, to found a station there—landed at St. Paul de Loanda, the chief port of Angola, on March 18th, 1885. They were, with one exception, to use the Bishop's own words, "in perfect health, and in glorious good cheer." They remained in Loanda for some time to get acclimatized, and to make preparations for advancing into the interior. One young brother died there; another, with three ladies, had to relinquish the work on account of ill-health; and several retired from the mission. The rest were in due time dotted down at five stations, extending some 370 miles into the interior, to the eastern border of the province of Angola. The line is to be extended, God willing, year by year, to the centre of the Dark Continent and onward, as fresh recruits shall arrive. In this first round in his new diocese Bishop Taylor walked 600 miles, sixty-four years of age though he be!

But what about self-support in such a field as this, where there are no English-speaking colonies to form bases of operations? Let the Bishop state his own case:—

"The foundation principle of self-support is the principle of value for value, in all exchanges of equivalents of every kind. In its application to the spread of the Gospel, it manifests itself by two methods: first by the pioneer founder of self-supporting missions in regions where his glad tidings have, through the ignorance or prejudice of the people, no appreciable value in the market, and hence command no equivalent, not even to support the messenger. In that case the missionary supports himself, either by his own funds in hand, or by building tents, as did Paul and Barnabas. This we call principle No. 1. But the missionaries who are called to minister to organized churches are supported by the people they serve—value for value. 'They that preach the Gospel shall live by the Gospel.' This we call principle No. 2."

Applying these principles to Africa, in each of the five stations already opened, schools have been commenced that yield a measure of support to the teachers on principle No. 2. And under principle No. 1 an industrial department is to be connected with each of these schools, in which "every productive employment at all suited to the country will be embraced, and constitute the legitimate work of the teachers so engaged." The barbarous millions of Africa live in the main from hand to mouth, and are hence a migratory people. To educate and Christianize them to an extent at all commensurate with the vast work to be done, the missionaries must, as quickly as possible, settle them. To settle them they must create local attractions and attachments—Christian homes, good farms, good orchards, good houses, good schools, houses of worship, the knowledge of God and of salvation in Jesus Christ. So it would seem that the principle of self-support, and the nature of the work to be done, alike justify the existence of an industrial department.

Having settled his first party, Bishop Taylor returned to Europe for a visit in October last. It is his purpose, God willing, to lead a missionary expedition up the Congo and Kassi into the Tushelange country during this year.

With regard to the cost of this work in Africa, Bishop Taylor estimates that £250 for tools, machinery, and buildings, will suffice to place each station on a basis of permanent self-support.

If only in a line, we cannot forbear to mention the Bishop's noble wife, who, for the sake of Christ's work amongst the millions of Africa, has not hesitated to willingly make the large and real sacrifice required on her part.

We close with a quotation that reveals something of the inner life of the man whose career we have endeavored thus briefly to sketch. It is taken from a paper in which the Bishop reviews his first seven months of labor in Africa:—

"I have been accustomed to walk with God for forty-four years without a break. Sometimes I have had a special manifestation to my spirit of the Son of God, when it was my pleasure to perceive his distinct personality, and sit in his presence and admire and adore Him, and in melting love sympathize with Him in his stupendous undertaking of bringing our lost race back to God, and feel the wish in my heart—'O that I could multiply myself into a thousand, and give a thousand years to help Jesus!' At other times, I have had a special manifestation of the personal Holy Ghost and the amazing 'love of the Spirit' for a perishing world; in adoring love and sympathy I have put myself entirely at his disposal, to illuminate and lead me according to his own infinite wisdom and love.

"But ever since I took charge of this expedition to Africa, with no less appreciation and admiration of the personal Jesus and the personal Holy Sanctifier, I have walked all these months in the manifestation of the personal presence of God the Father, with such enlarged perceptions of his wisdom, his love, his patience and forbearance, his infinite desire to adjust the human conditions essential to the fulfilment of his covenant pledge to the Redeemer—'to give Him the heathen for his inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for his possession.' I sit in his presence, and more than ever before weep in adoring love. His special providence over me and my charge have been continuous and most distinctly discernible. My prayers, for the most part, are made up of thanksgiving for his innumerable, immeasurable mercies, and expressions of undoubting trust for the timely fulfilment, in detail, of all that He had engaged to do; and especially that I may see and do his will, and in no way defeat or mar any good that God would otherwise bring to pass as immutable certainty."—*The Christian.*

CHRISTIE AT HOME.

A SEQUEL TO CHRISTIE'S CHRISTMAS.

By Pansy.

CHAPTER V.

Did he mean that she would never know enough to write regular letters? Christie wondered.

This settled the matter of shortening the letter. After Mr. Keith had gone, Karl sat looking thoughtfully at it, and at last burst forth with a new idea.

"Chris, they most always have postscripts in letters."

"What are postscripts?"

"Why, things that you put in after you think that you are all through. Down at the depot, while I am waiting for the milk train, the man at the desk is always reading letters; he reads aloud and the other one makes speeches. In almost every letter there is a postscript. Yesterday he was reading one about some corn that was to be shipped, and the other man said:

"'Doesn't he say anything about the bill? That is queer business.'

"'No, Mr. Jones said. 'Or hold on!' and he turned over the leaf; 'here's a postscript.'

"'P. S. You may draw on Jenkins and company for the amount due.'

"And the man over by the safe said: 'He always puts the important part of his letter in a postscript.' And they most always have them, don't they, father?"

KARL LOOKED OVER HER SHOULDER.

Mr. Tucker was laughing. There were things about his boy and girl which seemed to amuse him very much. "Why, if they have forgotten something that they ought to have said, they add it in that way," he explained at last.

"But I want to know what it means," persisted Christie. "I don't know the word, and it sounds queerly, it has nothing to do with a post as I see."

Whereupon Karl went to the shelf in the corner cupboard and brought out a little fat brown book with one cover gone; the old copy of Webster's dictionary that had come with them from their Eastern home. One of Mr. Tucker's dreams of future greatness was to own a Webster Unabridged, but every year there were so many necessary things to buy that Webster stayed behind.

"Postscript; a paragraph or part added to a writing."

This he read in triumph. But Christie remarked plaintively that it did not tell her why.

"I suppose Webster Unabridged would tell."

This the father said, and Karl added that he did wish that they had him under a bridge or on a bridge or somehow. Then they all laughed and felt better.

"They do have them, anyhow," affirmed Karl. "I've heard the men talking about postscripts often; and seeing you don't know when you will write another letter, I think it would be nice to put one in."

"Well," said Christie, meditatively, "there is something I have forgotten, would you put it in a postscript, mother?"

"If I wanted to," said the mother who often didn't know whether to laugh or cry over her children. Theirs was such a different childhood from hers. The old home had been full of books and papers, and letters coming and going were not unusual things. She might have known much about Webster Unabridged to tell her children now if only she had cared to study it in her youth. What a pity it seemed to her sometimes that she could not have known in those old days in New England how much she would want to know to tell Karl and Christie some day. This mother had had chances, and had neglected some of them; her children certainly were not doing that. But bless your heart! I know children who are doing it to-day; and the time is coming to them swiftly when they will be so sorry!

"They don't write it out in full," explained Mr. Tucker, seeing that preparation was being made to add the postscript. "They use an abbreviation; a capital P and a capital S with periods after them."

"Is that so?" replied Karl, speaking very respectfully.

Every little while he discovered a mine of unexplored knowledge in his father, and felt his admiration of him rising.

And this was the way that Christie Tucker's already long letter came to have a P.S. added.

"P.S. I have thought a great deal about what you said about my using the pretty carpet and the chairs, and all the lovely things, to honor Jesus with, but I don't think I know how to do it, only there is a boy and a girl who live pretty near us, their names are Lucius and Lucy Cox, and they are very poor, and their kitchen isn't nice and bright and neat like ours, and they never have nice things to eat, and I was thinking, maybe if I let them see all the pretty things and helped them have a good time, it would be using the things in a way to please the Elder Brother, but I don't know whether it would or not."

"How shall I end it?" she asked at this point. "Do they end it again?"

But this Karl did not know. He had never seen postscripts, only heard of them; neither was the father sure whether it was proper to sign the name again.

"Dear!" said Christie, "I wish I knew! I had such a time finding a good way to sign the letter!" And truly she had. It took a half hour of discussion, and of trying the look of various ways on the slate, until she had settled down to the nice-sounding sentence: "Your grateful little sister,

CHRISTIE TUCKER."

It certainly could not be right to put all that down again.

Then did the mother rouse from her musings. There had come before her as plainly as though written on the blank sheet of Christie's paper which lay in her lap, the memory of a letter received many years ago from an old uncle who had been in heaven for fifteen years. A business letter it had been, short and to the point, as the old uncle's work always was, and his name had been signed in full:

"Your uncle,

"ELIAB PERKINS HOWE."

At the foot of the page there had been this:

"P.S. Niece Christine, have you given yourself, soul and body, for time and for eternity, to the Lord, and do you live as though you always belonged to him?

E. P. H."

"You sign your initials," said Mother Tucker; "just the initials of your name—C. H. T., and nothing else."

"Do you?" said Christie, relieved and pleased. "Well, I can make a pretty 'H,' I think. I like that."

And while she carefully made her pretty "H" and Karl looked over her shoulder and advised, the mother went back to the postscript of long ago, and remembered how far how very far short she had come of living as though she belonged soul and body to the Lord, and wondered what she could do to make the fact surer to her own heart and to the eyes of her family. How industriously that new furniture was working for his glory! And nobody knew it.

(To be Continued.)

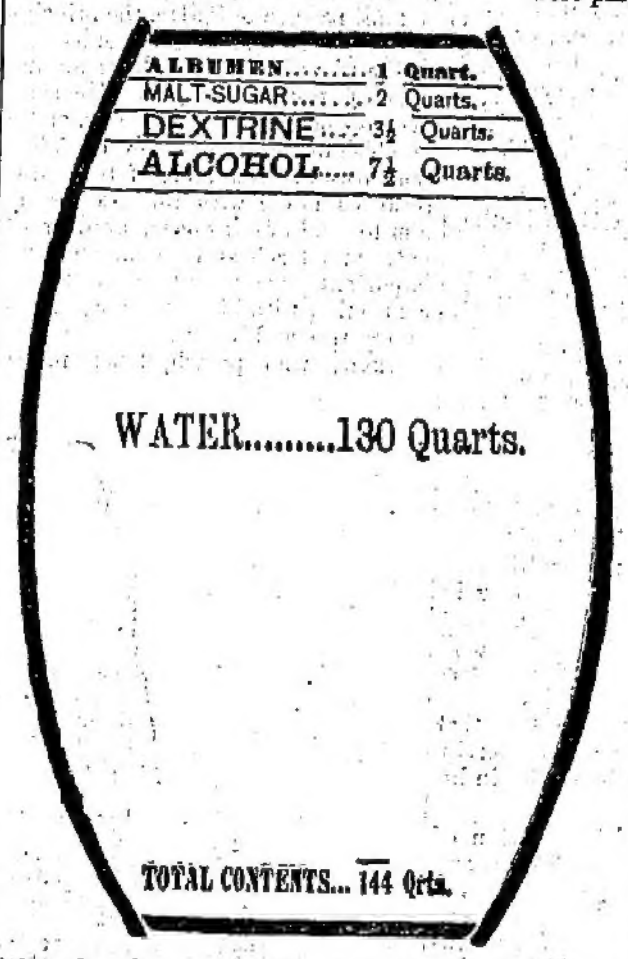
A TASTE for good reading is worth more than silver and gold to young people. Good reading is to the mind what good food is to the body. See what pale, puny creatures they are who feed upon pastry and confectionery! The boys and girls who read only weak, silly stories, are as pale and puny in mind as these are in body. A taste for good, healthy reading, like a taste for good, healthy food, can be cultivated. Try it.—*S. S. Messenger.*

A BARREL OF ALE.

An English author has been analyzing a barrel of the "poor man's beer." Assuming it to be not at all adulterated, and allowing 144 quarts to the barrel, this is what the analysis shows:

	Quarts.
Albumen (flesh-forming)	1
Malt sugar (unfermented)	2
Gum (of no dietetic value)	3½
Alcohol (intoxicating spirit)	7½
Water (innocent, and should be cheap)	130
Total quarts in the barrel	144

Our English author, Joseph Malins, puts the result pictorially thus:



A barrel of ale, he says, costs about £3=$15. The net value of the albumen, malt sugar, gum, and alcohol is about £1=$5; leaving the charge for the water £2=$10. No wonder that the brewers get rich and the beer drinkers stay poor!—*Christian Union.*

BANYAN SEEDS.

Thinking of what boys may do for missions has reminded me of the pretty account I have of a mission band, called "Banyan Seeds," I am sure its author would like to influence a multitude of boys. She says:

Their name, "Banyan Seeds," has amused many. It was troublesome to find a name not too often repeated. I had been reading to them one day of a banyan-tree which had undermined the throne of Juggernaut in a temple that had stood five hundred years. The tree had sprung from a seed dropped from a bird's mouth in flying over the temple. I used it to illustrate the great power for good or ill that lies in a little act. One of the boys asked, "Why can't we be Banyan Seeds?" This led to studying about the tree, and at the next meeting he brought a little article upon it, showing that it never stopped growing, and constantly sent its branches into the ground to form new trees. This seemed a good thought, and we adopted the name.

The number of boys in the band is twelve, and their ages vary from six to fourteen years. They have the advantage over girls in being able to go out in stormy weather, so that their average attendance is seven. That they should come in the rain, when there is nothing to tempt them out of doors, is not so much a matter of surprise; but that their number generally reached beyond the average the brightest Saturday mornings last winter, when there was snow on the ground, has been my greatest encouragement. They came with their sleds and "double-rippers," and left them at the side of the house while they gave their interest to the meeting, and then started with great zest to coast down hill on their way home. Sometimes the boys prepare missionary intelligence themselves; but as they are occupied in school all the week, I generally find it better to supply the material for them, or rather select from the amount provided in our various magazines and papers.

One way of interesting them in different fields has been to give them work to do for the mission fields directly—a literal children's work for children, "who like just such things as they do." After one or two meetings it was very evident that the boys' fingers must be employed, and this timely suggestion was made by a friend: "Dr. T—— used to pray that we might be ingenious to devise ways and means of doing good." Remembering a request some years ago for scrap-books for a hospital for children in Beirut, we begged nice picture papers, and the boys cut out the pictures while I read to them. After enough had been cut for a beginning, paste was provided, and they were pasted on white cotton, sometimes one on a page, sometimes a small one in the centre, and others ranged around it. These were pressed, and afterwards made into books and sent to the mission schools. Then came handsome pictures too large to put into any books. What should we do with them? They were too precious to be put with the cuttings, though we do sell them to increase our funds. While the question was pending a friend appeared with three dozen large cards (that had been thrown aside in our insurance office) with pretty borders and nice white margins. The pictures covered the printing exactly. They were pretty enough to adorn our own homes, but, with a great variety of others cards and colored pictures, they are now in India, Persia, Syria and Africa, upon the walls of the schools in some of the out-lying districts. Most delightful letters have come from all the fields to which our twelve books were sent, special mention being made of those made of Bible pictures. The very postage-stamps have a charm to the boys, who are making collections of them. In regard to money, each boy earns it at home. One boy, whose sister had secured permission to water the plants, found nothing left but to wash the dishes. This was a sacrifice, as you can believe, but I think he has adhered to it for two years. Another picks and sells cherries in the season, and does various errands at other times. Another printed some tags, with name and address, for trunks, etc. A boy, whose brother belonged to the society, sent ten cents, earned by chopping ice off of the sidewalk; and when word came—because he was too young to come—he was invited to the next meeting, and has since become one of the most faithful and generous members. In the spring they plant seeds, and bring, in the fall, all the seeds gathered from the vines. This supplies another occupation for their meetings. They cut and fold envelopes, the boys who have printing-presses take them home and print them with the name of the seed, the price, and the name of the society; and at the next meeting they fill and seal them, ready for sale in the spring, when each does his share in disposing of them. The first summer's seeds brought in about two dollars.

At the last meeting in the summer they come together in the afternoon and invite our pastor to meet and take tea with them. They carry home a sealed box to receive their weekly earnings during the summer and all show great interest in being present at the first gathering in the fall, when they are opened. The first year they had just five dollars. This year there was a dollar more. The money raised during the whole year will be a little over twelve dollars. The amount of money raised has not been the great thought with me, but rather the training them to the habit of earning and giving of their own. The boys are to be the donors of our larger societies in the years to come, and if they can learn now to give to the Lord, systematically, of that which costs them something, I shall hope to find them generous-hearted when they come to larger possessions. At any rate, this is my experiment, to say nothing of my modest wish that they may sustain the monthly concert. I do want them, wherever they are placed, to realize their motto, "Serve the Lord with gladness."—*Leaflet.*

IF A MAN empties his purse into his head, no man can take it away.—*Franklin.*

CHRISTIE AT HOME.

A SEQUEL TO CHRISTIE'S CHRISTMAS.

By Pansy.

CHAPTER VI.

A bright winter afternoon, and they were in the parlor having a wonderful time. The way that fire burned in that new stove was a continual source of delight.

No stove like it had the young Tuckers ever sat beside. Delicate little windows all around, which glowed and sparkled, or showed the forked flames of a lovely blue. Those great black lumps of coal looked so hard and gloomy when they were poured in, and took such beautiful hues soon after, that Karl and Christie were never weary of watching and speculating.

To-day, though, there was something of more importance than even the fire. For the first time in their lives they had invited the minister to tea. He had arrived in good time, and hung his overcoat in the little hall, and rubbed his hands before the glowing fire, and taken a seat in one of the great easy-chairs, and said, "Well, now, isn't this comfortable!" And the Tuckers, every one of them, thought it was. Mr. Tucker, at first inclined to be a little shy of the minister, had exerted himself as the host, and found it not so hard a thing after all to talk with a sensible man who knew something about farms as well as books, and seemed anxious to know more, for he asked a great many questions concerning things that Mr. Tucker did not know he either thought or cared about. Then Karl, who had declared all the morning that he was not coming into the parlor at all, that he did not want to see the minister, and that the minister did not want to see him, had brushed his hair, and put on a fresh collar, and washed his hands until they glowed, and, when Christie, who had been sent to get the almanac to decide a question of dates, came back she found him sitting in a chair near the minister, that gentleman had his arm on the back of the chair, and was leaning toward Karl and saying, "So, my boy, you see we must be the best of friends since we are namesakes." And Karl was looking pleased, and stayed and listened to the talk until it was time to help with the chores. It was an afternoon to remember.

Other strange things happened. It was Christie herself who first saw the fine carriage and the gay horses and uttered an exclamation of surprise, almost of dismay, as they halted before the gate. Mr. Keith paused in his sentence, and looked out of the window.

"Ah," he said, "you are going to have more company, I think, Mrs. Tucker; here is Mr. Burton's carriage stopping at your gate."

"Mother," said Christie, in a low, eager tone, "it is Wells, and he has to walk with a cane; shall I go to the door, or will father?"

"Why, your father will see to it, child, he has been sent here on an errand, I suppose."

So Mr. Tucker went out to receive Wells, but his errand apparently was not at the door, for he came limping in.

"How do you do?" he said heartily, not a bit embarrassed by his cane. "This is Mrs. Tucker, I believe; I am very glad to see you, ma'am, because you are my friend Christie's mother. I should never have been here to see you, but for her, you know. That is, I mean I should not have been anywhere." He stood beside Mrs. Tucker, shaking her hand, and looking handsome and happy. Christie had slipped into a seat at her mother's side, but he turned to her, "Here is my travelling companion; you reached home safe, I see; so did I, thanks to you. Aren't you glad to see me? I have been in a tremendous hurry to get out here, came the first day the doctor would let me. Won't you introduce me to your friend and your brother?"

Poor Christie's cheeks glowed hotter than the fire. She had never introduced any people in her life. It was worse than a post-script to a letter; how did they begin, she wondered. But Mr. Keith did not want an introduction?"

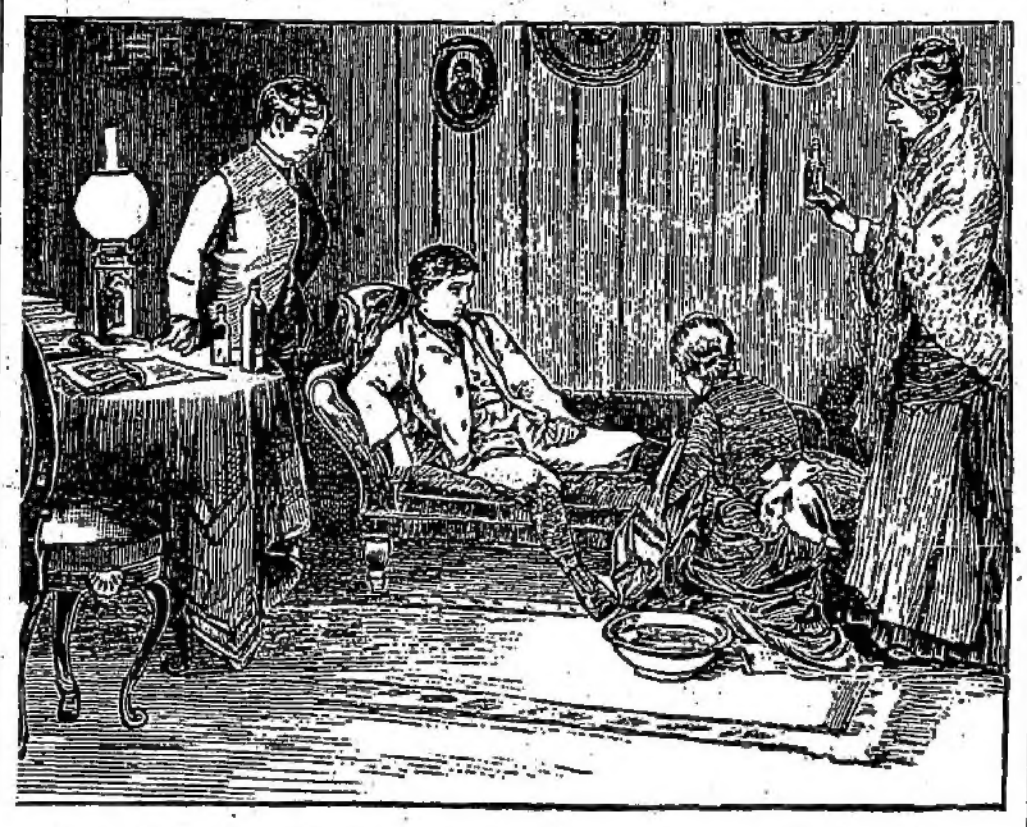
"I was waiting for my turn," he said cheerily. "I am glad to see you, sir, I know your face very well by this time, and your name, so we ought to consider ourselves acquainted, though you were not at home when I called on your mother."

They were shaking hands by this time, like old friends, and Christie could only look on and admire; how easily it was done. Then Wells turned at once to Karl:

"We are acquainted," he said, "if Mr. Keith is right. I have known this long time that you were Karl Tucker, and I suppose you have known that I was Wells Burton; so now let us shake hands and consider it settled."

What a thing it was to know just what to say, and how to say it, and to feel so much at ease! It seemed so pleasant to think of this boy shaking hands with Karl. He was much taller than Karl, and looked a good deal older, and of course he knew more; but she could not help wishing he knew how strong Karl was, and how helpful to his father, and how sensibly he talked about the work on the farm. "He has almost as good judgment as a man," she had heard her father say; if Wells Burtons knew those things, he could not help liking Karl, even if he did blush and look down at his strong boots and feel unable to say a word before the handsome city-bred boy. But Wells did not wait for words; he had already turned back to Mrs. Tucker:

"My mamma sent a message by me, ma'am: she is very sorry that she has not been able to call and see you since my accident and escape; she thought of writing, but she said you would know how hard it was for a mother to put her heart on paper, and she hoped every day to get out here, but my brother had an alarming illness that has kept her right at his side day and night. And my father was telegraphed for, on the very evening on which I was hurt, and went



"IT KEPT ME ON THE SOFA ALL THE NEXT DAY."

East by the morning train, where he has been detained ever since. He wrote that he was afraid you and Mr. Tucker would think he was a man without a heart, but he hoped to be able to convince you to the contrary very soon. He is coming home to-morrow, and will be out as soon after reaching home as possible, but I was resolved on being first."

It sounded just like a speech in a book! Admiring Christie could think of no other way to describe it to herself; and as for her mother, she was as bad as Karl, she could think of nothing to say. To be sure she had said to Christie only a few days before, that "a body would think the Burtons might say 'thank you,' when all the trainmen said that Christie's quick-wittedness had saved their boy's life;" but then she had not expected thanks, for she had added as a sort of second thought to her first remark:

"To be sure we don't want their thanks, and they would feel kind of foolish trying to give them, for of course they are thankful, and they know that we know it, so what's the use?"

This, however, would not do to say to Wells, and so while he waited, his bright glad eyes fixed on her, she blushed and stammered a little. It would not do to say she would be glad to see his mother, for she felt in her heart that she did not want to see her, so at last she said:

"Why, as to that, folks can't say things in this world of that kind, they can only feel them, and as for Christie, she only did what was right."

The bright-eyed boy laughed. "Yes," he said, "it was right, but the thing was, to think of it, and then to do it in a hurry; it was grand, wasn't it, Mr. Keith?"

"O, Christie, I saw one of your friends yesterday! I haven't told you why I didn't get here before; I came out one day last week on purpose to see you, and getting off the cars I forgot all about my lame ankle, and gave a hop that sort of twisted it, and it kept me awake half the night, and on the sofa all the next day, and as I had promised mamma to be back in the city by the next night, I had to go without doing what I came out for; well, going back I saw the mother of the baby"—

"My baby?" eagerly interrupted Christie, forgetting all about listeners, and intent only on hearing from the dear baby whom she had taken into her heart that day.

"Yes, your baby. I knew her, of course, the moment I caught sight of her, the mother, I mean, I went forward and took a seat near her, and asked at once after his majesty. She said he was well, and in his grandmother's arms, she hoped, at that moment. He had not been on the cars since that dreadful day, and she did not know as she could ever let him go on them again. She begged his grandmother not to let him out of her sight while she was away. I couldn't help telling her that I thought it was the baby who ought to have arranged for her to be looked after, he didn't get lost, I told her; if I remembered correctly it was she who was missing; the baby was in his seat, and remained in the cars until he reached his journey's end, but she was the one who skipped."

"Did you tell her that?" asked Christie in great amusement; she was thinking how impossible it would have been for her to have talked in such a merry way with that grand lady.

"Yes, I did," he said laughing. "We had such a time doing without her that day, that it seemed to me she didn't fully appreciate which of them made the trouble. She says the little fellow is well, and as bright as ever. I told her I knew he had strong lungs; she laughed a great deal over my story as to how he managed us all that day. She asked a hundred or so questions about you, and when I told her that I hoped to see you in a few days, she sent a message by me; I was to tell you that she had been sick, and had not been able to carry out certain plans; which was the reason that you had not heard from her, but she thought you would in a very few days."

"Heard from her!" repeated Christie, her eyes bright with excitement and surprise. "Why, is she going to write to me? I never thought of such a thing. Oh, Karl, there will be another letter to answer."

"Sure enough!" said Wells, looking over to Mr Keith and laughing outright. "It is very strange that she should ever think of you again! Probably she wanted her baby to bump around on that floor and kill himself, and was a little disappointed because you didn't allow him to do so."

Over this Christie exclaimed indignantly; then followed a good deal of animated talk—questions and answers about that baby and that baby's mother. Wells was so bright a talker and was so undoubtedly interested in the baby, that Karl was drawn out of his reserve to ask questions and offer suggestions.

"We are left out in the cold" said Mr. Keith, smiling, as at last the three heads drew nearer together and the voices dropped a little. Then he drew his chair a little nearer to Mr. Tucker, and the mother slipped away to see about the nice supper she was preparing, giving the minister a chance to speak some earnest words that he very much wanted to speak. "I say," Christie," said Wells, suddenly looking at his watch, "I suppose I must go home, unless—do you think you could coax your mother to let me stay to tea?"

"Why!" said Christie, shocked at that way of putting it, and gleeful over the suggestion, "would you really stay?"

"Mother,"—as that lady entered the room again—"Wells wants to know if he may stay to tea?" Her voice was merry and her eyes were dancing. Karl looked at her in silent amazement. The idea of their Christie being well enough acquainted with that handsome young fellow to call him "Wells" right before his face, and the idea of asking if he might stay to their house to tea!

"Why, why!" said Mrs. Tucker in a flutter of surprise, "what a question, child! Don't you know we shall be glad enough to have him, if he will?"

"Well, he will," said the young visitor joyfully. "It is dreadfully lonesome at home; nobody there but the housekeeper, and the rest of them; no ma'am, my people are in the city, but they are coming out the last of the week. I shall like to stay very much indeed; I'll go right out and tell Dennis when to come for me."

(To be Continued.)

THE ICY END.

In the winter of 1873, a man attempted to cross the frozen surface of the Merrimac. When about ten feet from the shore he broke through. A workman in a saw-mill near by seized a plank and thrust it out to the drowning man.

Unfortunately one end of the plank was covered with ice, and that end the workman, in his excitement, extended to the struggling man. He caught hold of it several times, and tried to pull himself up on solid ice, but at each attempt his hand slipped and he fell back into the water. At last, he cried out, in an agony of terror:

"For mercy's sake, don't reach me the icy end of the plank!"

A perplexed student once went to a college professor for help in a certain study.

"I am willing to help you," the professor said, with chilling courtesy, "but of course, you know that my time is fully occupied, and that I can't give special attention to every student? What is your difficulty?"

The student stated what perplexed him.

"Oh, that's nothing!" answered the professor. "You don't need my help to get out of that difficulty. Still, when you really need assistance, I will cheerfully give it to you. But you won't forget that my time is valuable."

The student bowed his thanks and departed, without receiving the help he really needed. The icy end of the plank was held out to him. From that day he bitterly, though unjustly, classed all the professors together, as cold and unsympathetic. He carried this prejudice through his college course, because he had been denied a little timely sympathy.

A few years ago, a young minister and his wife began their work in a growing Western town. Their people were attentive and courteous, the salary was ample, and a new church edifice was erected. But in less than a year the minister and his wife sought a smaller church, and a lower salary.

A friend, surprised at the change, asked:

"What is the matter? Didn't the climate suit you?"

"Perfectly."

"Well, wasn't your church harmonious?"

"Yes."

"You had a fair salary?"

"Yes, more than I get now."

"Why did you leave, then?"

"Because my wife and I were tired of living in a moral refrigerator. Every one was kind, but it was a kindness wrapped up in ice, as if they were afraid it would spoil. We had help enough, but no real sympathy."

The icy end of the plank had been extended the minister and his wife.—*Golden Days.*

JESUS' LITTLE LAMB.

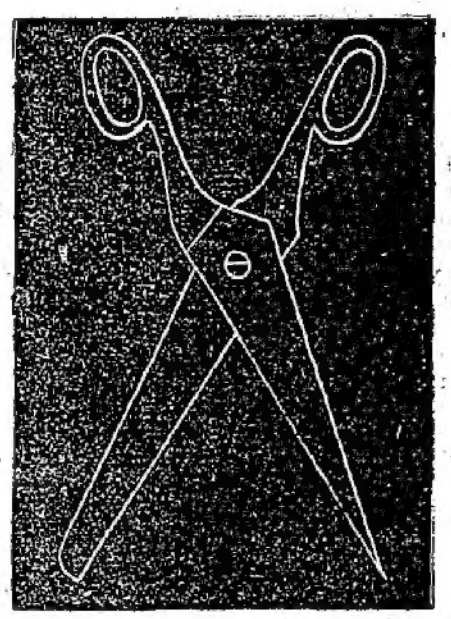
THE REV. J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

Since I'm Jesus' little lamb,
Happy in my soul I am;
He will teach me, He will guide me,
And will walk so close beside me;
He will always love the same,
And He knows my real name.

Going out and coming in
He will keep my heart from sin;
To his pleasant pastures lead me,
With His gentle precepts feed me;
Keep my feet from straying far,
Show me where sweet waters are.

Ah, how sweet it is for me
Jesus' little lamb to be!
In his bosom safe He folds me,
With His strong arm He upholds me;
If He leads me every day,
Never shall I go astray.

—*Child's Paper.*



BLACKBOARD TEMPERANCE LESSON.

BY MRS. W. F. CRAFTS.

Did you ever hear of a pair of temperance scissors, boys and girls? All scissors, you know, are meant to cut; so are the temperance scissors, but not to cut cloth or paper—no, indeed; something that is harder to cut than these. You will find out pretty soon what we must cut with the temperance scissors. Can you all cut paper and cloth with the usual kind of scissors? Oh! yes, you say, we learned to do that long ago. Very well, I wish you might all say the same thing about the temperance scissors. I think you will all learn in our lesson to-day how to use them.

Look at the picture, and tell me how the two parts of the scissors are fastened together. By a rivet. Yes. I don't know that anybody has ever thought about naming the two parts of the scissors, but it might do pretty well to call them "Jack and Jill." The two parts of the temperance scissors, however, have names. We will call one side "Total Abstinence" and the other "Prohibition." Possibly you do not know what these large words mean. "Total Abstinence" means never to drink any beer, wine, cider, brandy, or any kind of intoxicating liquor. "Prohibition" means law against making or selling any kind of intoxicating liquor.

The two parts of any pair of scissors do not go in the same direction; one goes to the left and the other to the right. So do the parts of the temperance scissors point in two ways—the total abstinence side to the people who take strong drink, and the prohibition side to the makers and sellers of strong drink. If there were such things as one-sided scissors, do you think you would buy them? No, I think not, for they would be of no use. The temperance scissors must have two sides. It would not be enough to say to those who love strong drink, "Do not take it," for there will be many who will use it just as long as it is made and sold. So we must have temperance scissors with two sides, and we must take hold of both sides if we would succeed in cutting up the terrible evil of intemperance.

Now look at the rivet. The two parts of a pair of scissors would be of no use if they were not riveted together. Sometimes the rivet falls out and gets lost; then the parts of the scissors lie around good for nothing. The rivet of the temperance scissors is Prayer. They would be worthless without it. Do you know the story about the Woman's Crusade? I can tell you only a very little about it here, but you must get some one to tell you how a band of noble women tried to cut away intemperance by going right into the saloons and kneeling down and praying that God would help those who were taking strong drink to let it alone, and that He would give to the saloon-keepers a willingness to stop their miserable business.

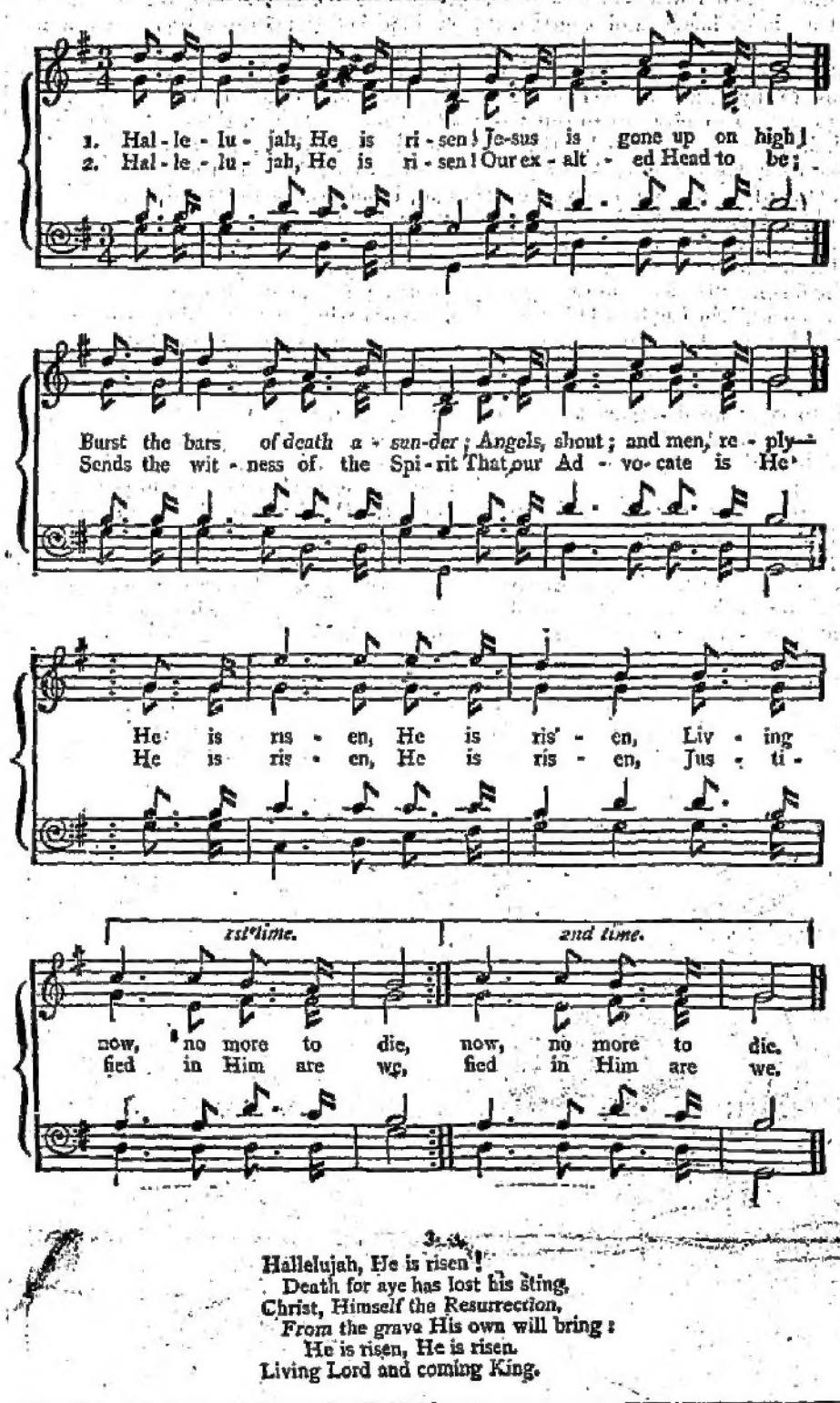
Did it do any good? Yes, yes. And ever since these brave women have been working for total abstinence and prohibition, making sure that the rivet of prayer is binding them together. Now let us have a picture of what we have been talking about.

—*Youth's Temperance Banner.*

NOTHING seems to be of such importance to us as our position in this life; nothing really is of such consequence as our condition in eternity.—*Pascal.*

Hallelujah, He is Risen!

"He is not here, for He is risen, as He said."—MATT. xxviii. 6.


1. Hal-le-lu-jah, He is ri-sen! Je-sus is gone up on high!
2. Hal-le-lu-jah, He is ri-sen! Our ex-alt-ed Head to be;
Burst the bars of death a-sun-der; Angels, shout; and men, re-ply—
Sends the wit-ness of the Spi-rit That our Ad-vo-cate is He.
He is ris-en, He is ris'-en, Liv-ing
He is ris-en, He is ris-en, Jus-ti-
1st time.
2nd time.
now, no more to die, now, no more to die.
fied in Him are we, fied in Him are we.

3.

Hallelujah, He is risen!
Death for aye has lost his sting,
Christ, Himself the Resurrection,
From the grave His own will bring:
He is risen, He is risen.
Living Lord and coming King.

Question Corner.—No. 8.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. Who met the fate he designed for another?
2. What man lacked moral courage to stand by his convictions of right?
3. Where does it speak of a number of people who could not discern between their right hand and their left?

BIBLE ACROSTIC.

1. The mother of Solomon.
2. The mother of John Baptist.
3. The grandmother of Timothy.
4. A daughter-in-law of Naomi.
5. A rejected queen.
6. Her successor.
7. A judge of Israel.
8. A convert of St. Paul who was a seller of purple.
9. The mother of us all.
10. Restored to life by St. Peter.
11. Bread used in the Passover.
12. The mother of Isaac.
13. The beloved physician.
14. The offering of the penitent woman to our Lord.
15. Those who waited for the Bridegroom.
16. Sold his birthright for a mess of pottage.
17. Received, through a miracle, from the prophet Elisha.
18. The mother-in-law of Ruth.
19. A lovely garden.
20. The wife of Joseph.
21. Where a widow was made happy.
22. A bird described by Job.
23. Son of Eunice, to whom St. Paul wrote.
24. Mother of Samuel.
25. A Jewish priest and scholar who once lived in Babylon.
26. The mother of Joseph and Benjamin.

The initials form an exhortation found in the First Epistle of John.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN NO. 7.

1. In 2 Pet. ii. 4, and Jude 6.
2. Jeremiah the prophet and Baruch the scribe (Jer. xliii. 5-7).
3. In Heb. ii. 17, iii. 1, iv. 14-15, v. 5-10, vi. 20, vii 26, viii 1, ix. 2, x. 21.
4. In the war with the Amalekites, at Rephidim (Ex. xvii. 8-13).
5. The giving of sight to one born blind (St. John ix. 1-7, 32.)
6. In St. Luke xiii. 1-5, and St. John ix. 1-3.

BIBLE EXERCISE.

1.	Damascus	Gen. xv. 2.
2.	Darius	Ezra vi. 1.
3.	Demetrius	Acts xix. 24.
4.	Didymus	John xx. 24.
5.	Dorcas	Acts ix. 36.
6.	Demas	2 Tim. iv. 10.
7.	Damaris	Acts xvii. 34.
8.	Decapolis	
9.	Dionysius	Acts xvii. 34.
10.	Diotrephes	3 John 9.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Correct answers have been received from Jennie Lyght, and Hannah E. Greene.

READERS' OPINIONS.

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